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POETS

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning Sp-Sz

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

"An old mother
stood at the Presi-
dent's door;"

THE OLD MOTHER AND THE PRESIDENT.

*Written on one of the every-day instances of kindness that
so distinguished the life of our lamented President.*

BY LU BILLINGS SPALDING.

An old mother stood at the President's door;
Her cheek was haggard, her raiment thin,
And she spoke with a shake in her broken voice,
And asked, "Is the President in?"

The old mother sat by the President's side,
And told him her story of want and woe;
Said she, "I've two boys, who fight for their flag,
But one of the two I'm needing so.

"For I'm old, Mr. President, lame and old,"
And she stretched out her brown, withered hand,
And dashed a tear from her dim, pale eye,
Then patiently crossed it again.

The President looked on that bowed old form,
While his vision grew misty and low,
And the care-plowed lines in his sal ow cheek
Were lit with a pitying glow.

And his great, good heart in kindness moved
As he looked on that troubled brow,
And he said, "I will give you your eldest born,
To care for and comfort you now."

Then the old mother's tears rained fast with joy,
And she crept to the President's chair,
And lovingly smoothed with her palsied hand
His bristling, grizz'y hair.

Softly that old hand went up and down
Over the iron gray head,
Just as his own mother might have done—
His own mother, long ago dead.

And those broken blessings, breathed in sobs,
Were more to his true, pure soul
Than worlds of popular applause,
Or hoards of paltry gold.

The President sleeps his last, long sleep,
His great life's passed away;
But his *memory* is green in this old mother's heart,
His old mother *Country* to-day.

LINCOLN.

(From a book of poems, entitled
"Beyond the Dark," by Frank
Speaight, London, celebrated Dickens'
impersonator.)

A shadow walks upon your streets
In every town.
An echo rings and fills thy western
sphere
With one great name.
The longer dead the more the mightier
live
When deeds so brave do leave an
aftermath
Of blessing and repose.
Two races hold his name in rever-
ence;
To one he freedom gave
The other unity:
But greater than these two he left
himself
A living Soul and more than memory.
The sun ne'er shines on soil where
Freedom's name
Is more than name indeed,
But LINCOLN, as a pulsing Soul,
Is known and followed on.

LINCOLN

More vast than any mountain monument
Our day avows the stature of your
deeds;

Yours is the voice, serene and eloquent—
The intellect that guides, the soul that
leads

Through ways of hope, whose light the
freeman knows,
The courage, inspiration and the sight,
Enduring through the centuries of snows
Effulgent when those centuries take
flight.

Exhorting that equality for all,
That hearts may feel the touch of free-
dom's song,
You walk among us now, austere and
tall,
And teach the love of freedom to the
throng.

MARIO SPERACIO.

Nancy Hanks's Lullaby: By Anne Higginson Spicer
Illustrated by Pruett Carter

SLEEP, little Abram, your eyelids are droopin'.
Thar at the threshold a chipmunk comes snoopin'.
Whippoorwill's tellin' thet winter is over.
Sleep, little baby, for Mammy's your lover.

*Jes one more young-un here beneath our thatch,
Jes one more mouth—and the wild wolf at the latch!
God make me stronger to care for my Abe;
The pioneer's milestone's the grave of a babe.*

Sleep, little Abram. Thar's childer I know
Wrapped in soft flannels and pillered like snow.
Your bed be corn husks, with b'ar skin for cover;
But God keeps ye snug, and Mammy's your lover.

*Up, heart o' Nancy! Despairin' is sinnin'.
Strength, hands o' mine, fer your weavin' and spinnin'. . . .
And oh, how I hone fer a white shift to bring him,
And oh, fer more time jes to nuzzle and sing him!*

Sleep, little Abram. The night owl is hootin';
Out on the mounting your daddy is shootin'.
All the green hillside hez lost its snow cover—
Spring's come, my blessed, and Mammy's your lover.

Feb 6 1892

The Congregationalist, February 7, 1929.

Lincoln at Gettysburg

By Edith Lombard Squires

Once more the cheers for Everett filled the air,
And Lincoln waited till the crowd grew still.
A tall, gaunt, awkward man, he stood, head bare,
Before the silent throng to speak his will.
He spoke to them deep from his inmost heart,
With simple eloquence and homely phrase;
Here was no orator's convincing art
But only truth that lanterned all his ways.

And "shall not perish from the earth" rang out,
Echoed, re-echoed, past the silent throng;
He thought defeat lay in no answering shout,
But victory winged her shining way with song,
Re-echoing that silence through the years—
Silence too deep for words, too still for tears.

WASHINGTON JURIST PENS LINCOLN POEM.

Washington, D. C., April 15.—[Special.]
—The following poem on the death of
Lincoln was written and made public to-
day by Wendell Phillips Stafford, justice
of the Supreme court of the District of
Columbia:

LINCOLN.

April 15, 1865—1915.

O, thou that on this April day
Went down the bitter road to death,
While freedom stumbled on her way,
Her beacon blown out with a breath—

Look back upon thy people now!
Behold the work thy hands have
wrought—

The conquest of thy bleeding brow,
The harvest of thy sleepless thought.

From sea to sea, from palm to pine,
The day of Lord and slave is done;
The wind will float no flag but thine;
The long divided house is one.

More proudly will Potomac wind
Past thy pure temple to the sea,
But ah! the hearts of men will find
No marble white enough for thee.

W. F. ROBERTS

Washington and Lincoln

Wendell Phillips Stafford

Two stars alone of primal magnitude,
Twin beacons in our firmament of fame,
Shine for all men with benison the same;
On day's loud labor by the night renewed,
On templed silences where none intrude.
On leaders followed by the street's acclaim,
The solitary student by his flame,
The watcher in the battle's interlude.
All ways and works of men they shine upon;
And now and then beneath their golden light
A sudden meteor reddens and is gone;
And now and then a star grows strangely bright,
Drawing all eyes, then dwindles on the night.
And those eternal sentinels shine on.

—FROM THE "BOOK OF LINCOLN" BY MARY WRIGHT-DAVIS.
COPYRIGHT, 1919. GEORGE H. DORAN CO., PUBLISHERS

American Junior Red Cross News
Feb. 1938

Stallings, Clayton

SAMUEL J. BOLDRICK

HERMAN H. GOCKE

BOLDRICK & GOCKE
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
408-409 BANKERS TRUST BUILDING
151 S. 5TH ST.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
PHONE WABASH 1646

July 6th, 1942.

Dr. Louis A. Warren,
Lincoln National Life Insurance Co.,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Dear Dr. Warren:

Enclosed find an unpublished poem
"The Wedding of Nancy Hanks" by Clayton W. Stallings.
Mr. Stallings is a farmer who has lived all his life
in the vicinity of Beechland, near where Thomas
Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were married in 1806. I
think he has some talent for a country lad, and, of
course, living near this historic spot gave him
inspiration for his effort.

Mr. Stallings does not want any com-
pensation for the poem but hopes you may find some
Lincoln publication which will carry it.

If not you may file the same in your
Lincoln Archives.

Mr. Clayton W. Stallings, I am sure,
would be pleased to hear from you acknowledging re-
ceipt of this poem. His address is R.R., Springfield,
Kentucky.

With very best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

SJB:LM

Enclosure.

Sam. J. Boldrick

July 7, 1942

Mr. Clayton W. Stallings
R. R.
Springfield, Kentucky

Dear Mr. Stallings:

It was indeed kind of Mr. Samuel J. Boldrick to forward to Dr. Warren, our director, the typed copy of your poem "The Wedding of Nancy Banks". We are very happy to have this poem in our file and assure you that it will be put with our unpublished manuscripts.

It will indeed be a pleasure to place before Dr. Warren upon his return from his annual vacation a copy of Mr. Boldrick's letter and also the poem which you gave to Mr. Boldrick to send to Dr. Warren.

Yours very truly,

MAC:VFF
M.A.Cook

Librarian

CC: MR. SAMUEL J. BOLDRICK
408-409 Bankers Trust Bldg.
151 S. 5th St.
Louisville, Ky.

THE WEDDING OF NANCY HANKS

By Clayton W. Stallings

'Tis sweet to see two brooks that steal
Through leafy lawns and fields of green,
Where graceful willows line their banks
And o'er their purling waters lean,

Till channels meet, when gathering strength
From wooded slope and grassy lea,
Their currents mingle, each with each,
And onward flow to join the sea;

To watch the clouds, with fleecy sails,
Drift on a placid sea of blue,
While gold-tipped lances of the sun
Pierce deep their glistening armor through,

Then closely drawn, as if they're caught
In web that fairies' skill has spun,
By unseen hands a touch has wrought
Their lacy fabrics into one.

'Tis sweet to see two lives that touch,
When manly strength and beauty meet,
Thenceforth till death, through good or ill,
To tread one path with trusting feet;

To walk as one, with even step,
The age-old path our fathers trod,
Whose winding course is upward ever,
And on to Heaven and to God.

* * * * *

When Beechland's hills are steeped in June,
And song-birds pipe their blithest lay,
And snatches of a lover's song
Are wafted from the fields of hay,

The valley by the mill-race flaunts
 Her latest gown of gold and green,
 With gentian and with columbine
 That line the pleats and folds between.

O'er sun-kissed meadows white mists drift
 Like phantom fleets on golden seas,
 And care-free children dance and sing
 Beneath the scattered forest trees.

A scarce-felt breath of summer air
 Sends tiny billows o'er the fields,
 Ere row on row of yellow grain
 Before the flashing sickle yields,

We joy to watch the wavelets play
 Across the seas of green and gold,
 And listen to the lover's song,
 Whose burden new is yet so old;

But Fancy turns an earlier page,
 When wooded giants stood on these hills,
 Where now a magic carpet spreads,
 Yet still the thrush his love-song trills,

And from the long forgotten page,
 One bright with hope, then moist with tears,
 There comes a sound of distant feet,
 Still echoing through the passing years.

There comes a sound of savage men,
 Of woodman's axe and hunter's horn,
 Of weary forms, with aching limbs,
 Among the waving rows of corn.

Then to the ears come happier notes,
 That with the breezes rise and fall,
 As gay as when at nesting-time
 The robin chirps his love-mate's call.

For on the slope above the fields
 That skirt the sluggish river's banks,
 There stood, in shade of oak and beech,
 The girl-hood home of Nancy Hanks;

And Nancy sang a ballad old
 That came from heart full blithe and gay,
 For, when the morrow's sun would rise,
 'Twould shine upon her bridal day.

A song as sweet as honeyed tones
 Of minstrel's harp or lover's lute
 Deep in her heart's recesses rang
 E'en when the singer's lips were mute.

What though her home's rude walls were bare?
 The melody within her soul
 Was richer treasure than e'er found
 In gleaming heaps of hoarded gold.

Her hand upon her lover's arm
 In Dreamland's moonlit groves at night,
 She stooped to pluck the fragrant bloom,
 Or from some airy castle's height

She saw the golden fairies play
 Their elfin games upon the green,
 And watched her happy subjects dance
 Where love was law, and she a queen.

Then came the dawn of a new morn,
 As bright as that celestial ray
 That ever guides the faltering step
 And lights anew the darkening way.

A happy omen, so 'tis said,
 When maid becomes a wedded wife,
 For sunny skies above foretell
 A happy home and blissful life.

No organ pealed in measured tones,
 No vaulted dome was o'er^{her} head,
 But in her kinsman's cabin home
 The maiden's marriage vows were said.

It was the month all nature smiles,
 The happy month brides call their own,
 When youthful Hope has banished Care
 And seated Joy upon the throne.

The infant year had grown to youth,
 And, lingering ere its span had passed,
 Upon the forest, field, and stream,
 The spring its spell of beauty cast.

The trees had donned their kirtles green,
 The fields were decked with buds and bloom,
 And on the breeze rare blossoms shed
 The sweetness of their rich perfume.

The honeysuckle on the wall,
 The queenly rose of crimson hue,
 And by the stream, on bush and vine,
 Wild flowers in wanton beauty grew.

The brooklet near the cabin sang,
 And joined the warblers of the grove;
 They sang their songs of faith and trust,
 And sang a ^{lay} day of life and love.

The hands that twined the wedding wreath
 Forsook the labor of the loom,
 And with an art that Nature taught
 With garlands decked the bridal room.

With ^Upon the rack and horn the rifle hung
 Upon the rack above the door,
 But rugged walls with beauty smiled
 By fragrant festoons covered o'er.

Bright youth and beauty gathered there
 Where toilers from the field were found,
 And resting from the chase there came
 The hunter with his horn and hound,

From chattering maids with witching smiles
 A silent, tender, message passed
 To bashful youths, who, from afar,
 Admiring, lingering glances cast.

But hushed were mirth-provoking jests,
 The bantering word and laughter light,
 When came the hour their vows to pledge,
 That, hands as hearts, as one unite.

On timid feet the bridal pair
 Before the home-made altar stood,
 He in the pride of youth and strength,
 She in the bloom of womanhood,

Rare charm had touched her dimpled cheek,
 By summer's roving zephyrs browned,
 And twinkling sky-blue eyes beneath
 A crow by golden tresses crowned.

The stars that ruled her natal day,
 And gave the maid a face so fair,
 Had cast her form in graceful mold
 And placed the seal of beauty there.

As fair as any flower that grew,
To fill with sweets the woodland air,
The glow that tinged her brow and cheek
Vied with the rose-buds in her hair.

In accents faint, subdued and low
As murmured tones when lovers woo,
As hand clasps hand their vows to pledge,
They softly breathe the words, "I do."

The simple rites, with prayerful words,
Had joined their fates as one forever,
Bound by the laws of God and man
With ties that death alone can sever.

And they went forth to walk as one
The rose-strewn path or stony way,
While o'er their heads, by Heaven sent,
Alternate lights and shadows play.

For all must know some sunless skies,
Although, when eyes have pierced the gloom,
The birds may sing their sweetest notes
And buds may burst in richer bloom.

7

Springfield, Ky., July 22-'42

Dr. Louis Warren,

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Dr. Warren:

I am informed that Mr. Samuel J. Boldrick has sent you a copy of a poem, "The Wedding Of Nancy Hanks." I am enclosing a copy of the poem in which some slight changes have been made, and which I wish to substitute for the copy Mr. Boldrick sent. Thanking you for the interest you have taken,

I am very truly,

Clayton W. Stallings.

P.S.

I am told that you were intending a trip to Hillsboro Cemetery when you were in Springfield recently. I live in a few hundred yards of the old church and cemetery and have written a poem, "A Legend of Old Hillsboro", in which there is a brief reference to Nancy Hanks, and which has a short historical introduction, which I will send you if you feel interested.

C.W.S.

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And so across the hills they went,
And that new world which is the old."

The Wedding Of Nancy Hanks

C. W. Stallings

'Tis sweet to see two brooks that steal
Through leafy lawns and fields of green,
Where graceful willows line their banks
And o'er their purling waters lean,

Till channels meet, when gathering strength
From wooded slope and grassy lea,
Their currents mingle, each with each,
And onward flow to join the sea;

To watch the clouds, with fleecy sails,
Drift on a placid sea of blue,
While gold-tipped lances of the sun
Pierce deep their glistening armor through,

Then closely drawn, as if they're caught
In web that fairies' skill has spun,
By unseen hands a touch has wrought
Their lacy fabrics into one.

'Tis sweet to see two lives that touch,
When manly strength and beauty meet,
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To tread one path with trusting feet;

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And song-birds pipe their blithest lay,
And snatches of a lover's song
Are wafted from the fields of hay,

The valley by the mill-race flaunts
Her latest gown of gold and green,
With gentian and with columbine
That line the pleats and folds between.

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Like phantom fleets on golden seas,
And care-free children dance and sing
Beneath the scattered forest trees.

A scarce-felt breath of summer air
Sends tiny billows o'er the fields,
Ere row on row of yellow grain
Before the flashing sickle yields,

No joy to watch the wavelets play
Across the seas of green and gold,
And listen to the lover's song,
Whose burden new is yet so old;

But Fancy turns an earlier page
When forest giants on these hills
Kept silent watch above the fields
Where still the thrush his love-song trills,

And from the long forgotten page,
With lines oft writ in blood and tears,
There comes a sound of distant feet,
Still echoing through the passing years.

There comes a sound of savage men,
Of woodman's axe, and hunter's horn,
Of weary forms, with aching limbs,
Among the waving rows of corn.

Then to the ears come happier notes,
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As gay as when at nesting-time
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When youthful Hope has banished Care
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And, lingering ere its span had passed,
Upon the forest, field, and stream,
The spring its spell of beauty cast.

The trees had donned their kirtles green,
The fields were decked with buds and bloom,
And on the breeze rare blossoms shed
The sweetness of their rich perfume.

The honeysuckle on the wall,
The queenly rose of crimson hue,
And by the stream, on bush and vine,
Wild flowers in wanton beauty grew.

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And joined the warblers of the grove;
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And sang a lay of life and love.

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Forsook the labor of the loom,
And with an art that Nature taught
With garlands decked the bridal room.

With pouch and horn the rifle hung
Upon the rack above the door,
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By fragrant festoons covered o'er.

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Where toilers from the field were found,
And resting from the chase there came
The hunter with his horn and hound.

From chattering maids with witching smiles
A silent, tender, message passed
To bashful youths, who, from afar,
Admiring, lingering glances cast.

But hushed were mirth-provoking jests,
The bantering word and laughter light,
When came the hour their vows to pledge,
That, hands as hearts, as one unite.

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Before the home-made altar stood,
He in the pride of youth and strength,
She in the bloom of womanhood,

Rare charm had touched her dimpled cheek,
By summer's roving zephyrs browned,
And sparkling dark blue eyes beneath
A brow by golden tresses crowned.

The stars that ruled her natal day,
And gave the maid a face so fair,
Had cast her form in graceful mold
And placed the seal of beauty there.

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The simple rites, with prayerful words,
Had joined their fates as one forever,
Bound by the laws of God and man
With ties that death alone can sever.

And they went forth to walk as one
The rose-strewn path or stony way,
While o'er their heads, by Heaven sent,
Alternate lights and shadows play.

For all must know some sunless skies,
Although when clouds have shed their gloom
The birds may sing their sweetest notes
And buds may burst in richer bloom.

Abe Lincoln's Religion.

From the Reading Herald.

A fierce newspaper dispute is now going on as to the religion of Abraham Lincoln. It seems to us that it makes very little difference what his religion was or whether he adhered to any particular creed or repudiated them all. He was one of God's chosen instruments for the righting of wrongs and for lifting mankind to higher and better ideals. His life and work were a rebuke to those who fritter away their powers in denouncing their fellow-men because they refuse to subscribe to this or that theological fad. Lincoln had no theology, but he had plenty of the very best sort of Christianity.

DAVIS.

God's words are just. All live to see
The righteousness of His decree.
Who sows the seeds of discord and of strife,
Will live to see along his path of life
The thistles and the nettles growing fast,
To prick and sting him as his feet go past.
Who is a traitor to his God or man,
Be his life long or be it but a span,
Must eat the fruit that traitordom has sown,
And bear the nettles that his hand has sown.
Look not to man to give or to forbear—
God is the Judge, and God is just and fair;
Wrap not around traitors our grand stripes and
stars,
But let them rest while others bear their scars.

LINCOLN.

Who lives to sow the seeds of love and care,
Will live to see God's sunshine everywhere
Along his path and wheresoever he tread;
God's benediction will rest on his head.
He whom on Calvary's mount did traitors kill,
The generations loved, and ever will.
Who gave his life that others might be free.
God will but smile on his posterity;
And you who died the fettered bands to break,
Your nation honors. For grand duty's sake,
Then 'round our martyr KEEP the stripes and
stars,
Who broke the chains and loosed the prison
bars.

—J. L. STANDART.

SYRACUSE, December 8, 1889

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Long years ago! thy ship hath reached
That distant shore, whence none return,
And few on earth the hands that once clasped
thine,
Yet countless thousands mourn thee,
Unheralded thy birth! Thy name obscure,
That name now sung throughout the land,
Whose fame and safety was thy constant care,
Could'st thou look down from that far height,
And aught bring added rapture to thy state,
'Twould be to see they pledge of faith rewarded,
As men of every color, faith and creed,
Unite this day to do thee reverence,
And children drop a pitying tear, when told
How, snatched by fate, and heaven's will,
You died. Oh, tender heart! and noble mind
Shame to this race and all posterity,
When we forget, on this, thy natal day,
To sound thy praise and tell thy story.

Kan City Journal 2-12-18 —Henrietta Standish.

Stanton, S.B.

Lincoln Memorial

"Lincoln before thy shrine --"

Lincoln Memorial.

By Stephen Berrien Stanton.

Lincoln, before thy shrine once more arise
The stir and circumstance of ugly war;
Rudely upon thy peace-directed eyes
Thy country's thunder-cloud obtrudes once
more.

White is thy cenotaph, as was thy soul;
And pure the marble as befits thy name—
Thy country's cause inscribed on history's
scroll
Shall never bring to thee the blush of
shame.

The patient purpose of the homely face
Which broods upon that dimming page of
time
Be as a beacon to these latter days,
Fill hearts that falter with thy faith
sublime. —*Scribner's Magazine.*

Stanton, S. B.

The Lincoln Memorial

"Lincoln, before thy shrine once more
arise --"

Scribner's, October, 1919.

LINCOLN MEMORIAL

By Stephen Berrien Stanton

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The patient purpose of the homely face
Which broods upon that dimming page of time
Be as a beacon to these latter days,
Fill hearts that falter with thy faith sublime.

August, 1918.

Staver, Wilson Willard

LINCOLN

A well of wisdom, whose clear depths
shall sate
Men's thirst to know the way to be
four-square
In dealing with their fellows, if they
dare
But drink and, ere pronouncing judgment,
wait!

A beacon light to guide the Ship of State
Safe past the shoals of discord and
despair,
And, when the storms of hatred dark
the air,
To send its steady gleam, serene and
straight!

But, more than all, a human heart—a
heart
So great it held within its compass all
Mankind, the freeman and the slave,
the poor
And rich, the humble and the proud—
no part
Of life in all God's world too mean or
small
To find a loving care, swift, tender,
sure!

WILSON, WILLARD STAYER.

Chile Bulletin 2-12-32

2-32

Abraham Lincoln's Farewell

At his country's call he left us, not as monarch for a throne
Inherited by succession, which he could call his own;
Whose birth an empire hails with joy and his praises loudly sing,
But more a man than potentate, emperor, czar, or king.

With quivering lips and trembling voice and eyes bedimmed
with tears,

He bade farewell to Springfield friends that he had loved
for years.

But in his heart he had a trust, like the Man of Galilee,
That should lead him safely on and through whatever
had to be.

With trust in God, like Washington's, he knew he must succeed,
Who could go with him and remain with us in every time
of need.

"Now in His care I leave you, and in your loving prayers for me,
I go with perfect confidence in our nation's unity."

Oh, mighty son of Illinois, yet so loving, gently, true,
Chosen of God for our country's good and tasks none
else could no.

Oh, wondrous man of America and the English speaking race,
Whose glory the hand of time has not, nor ever can efface.

—"DAD" STEARNS.

See St Register 2-12-15

Stedman, Jane W.

LINCOLN

"In Battle fields the green
mounds lie,"

LINCOLN

IN BATTLE fields the green mounds lie,
And crosses march beneath the sky.
They are a grimmer sight today
Than coats of blue or caps of gray.
I wonder how HE felt to see
The slavery that made slaves free,
The slavery to blood and war,
To rifle shot and cannon roar?
To think that such a mighty cause
Need such base means to set her laws!
Perhaps the crosses see him go
With shawl and hat, step soft and low.
Long years have softened bitter fight:
Abe Lincoln bids his boys good night.

—JANE W. STEDMAN.



LINCOLN

Dedicated to my friend R. E. Sir Louis Lincoln Emmerson 33°

Honest "Old Abe," simple, and sincere,
Whose sacred name all memory holds dear.
A mighty Nation, with the hosts of earth
Again unite to celebrate thy birth.
Thy loving heart, and mind divinely broad
Made men admire the handiwork of God,
And in their admiration, helped them see
In man, the likeness of Divinity.
For truth, and right, you led the champions bold
That put the glory in "Old Glory's" fold.
Thy acts, which tended the oppressed to shield,
Stamped with new hope each star within its field.
Thy willing hands, guided by power sublime,
Carved life thoughts on the golden scroll of time.
Thy feet, which oft on mercy's mission sped,
Have sanctified the ground on which we tread.
Thy active mind, the marvel of the age,
With human poems blazoned history's page.
Thy life, which was to man so freely given,
Gave "Mother Earth," a mantle made in Heaven;
A robe, designed by the Great Architect
Who worked through thee his children to protect.
All life was sweetened by thy passing breath,
And Nature sang a requiem at thy death.
Marvellous Intellect, as thy course we scan
We better understand why God made man.
Great monument, that rose from earth's green sod
And grasped the footstool, at the throne of God.

—[Chas. H. Stephen 32° of Oriental Consistory.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I.—THE LIFE MASK

AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM IN WASHINGTON.

AH, countless wonders, brought from every zone,
Not all your wealth could turn the heart away
From that one semblance of our common clay,
The brow whereon the precious life long flown,
Leaving a homely glory all its own,
Seems still to linger, with a mournful play
Of light and shadow! — His, who held a sway
And power of magic to himself unknown,
Through what is granted but God's chosen few,
Earth's crownless, yet anointed kings,— a soul
Divinely simple and sublimely true
In that unconscious greatness that shall bless
This petty world while stars their courses roll,
Whose finest flower is *self-forgetfulness*.

Stuart Sterne.

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*Century Feb 1909**Stuart Sterne.*

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Again we bare our heads and bow to thee;
We sing an anthem to thy life;
For thou hast kept our nation as a whole
Though torn with fearful, warring strife,
No longer do we pause to cast the blame
On those who wore the blue or gray
We only know that thru the four long years
You sought to find a brighter day.

Oh, Lincoln, let a song be ever sung,
For thou shalt live in hearts of men,
Let bards and poets sing thy constant praise
And let each author dip his pen
And write to thee a glowing epitaph
In praise of all that thou hast done—
You who have fought the fight of common folks
Deserve the praise of ev'ry one.

Oh, noble soul, whose spirit never dies—
You, President of joy and mirth
Who made your dimples but to catch your tears
And yet of humor had no dearth;
A song is buried deep within my soul
And 'tis a song that I would ever sing
About the glory of thy life and death
And happiness your splendid acts did bring.

—FRANKLIN LEE STEVENSON.

*We try to glorify
our simple labors as
Lincoln did his
greater work.*

**Castle, Roper
& Matthews**
1319 N St., Lincoln, Nebr.

ABE STARTS TO SCHOOL

Nancy Hanks, you have left your loom,
And singing a song of unlettered lore,
You lead your son from the cabin door
To follow a path of wilderness bloom.

You walk with the boy just a little way,
Past pine and cedar and shimmering pool;
You tell him because he starts to school,
This has become your happiest day.

You bid him goodbye, and you whisper his name,
As his bare brown feet trudge on and on,
And you dream a moment that your young son
Is walking, walking the road toward fame.

Beryl Stewart

0462

As Lonely as Our Lincoln

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

*AS lonely as a leafless tree
Upon a mountain peak;
As lonely as the silences
Where only breakers speak;
As lonely as an Eagle,
As lonely as a Dove,
As lonely as a Lark that flies
Across gray skies above;
As lonely as our Lincoln was;
As all great men have been;
The child, the youth and age must go
Amid life's dust and din:
The common man and woman, too;
The souls who toil and spin;
They go alone their lonely ways
'Til Jesus enters in!*

*Then Loneliness is broken;
Then solitude must go;
For God and Christ and Love have come,
And Thou hast willed it so.
Then voices ever whisper,
And mighty thunders roll
Along the peak and down the vale
Into the lonely soul;
Then music breaks the silence
And stars begin to sing
Along the high horizons
Where timeless tumults ring.
This is the Song Supernal,
Through ancient anthems sung;
This is the Shout Eternal
From ringing ramparts flung!*

Stiles, W. C.

Lincoln

"He looked upon the pained face
of the slave"

215 106

Lincoln

BY W. C. STILES

HE looked upon the pained face of the slave—
A graver weight on him their woe pressed down;
Saving the state himself he might not save,
But gained a martyr's crown.
NEW YORK CITY.

Lyle D. Stone, Carrollton, Ill., sends the following special Lincoln poem for the Vein today:

Below the fleecy clouds,

Autumn colors tinged the wood,
Where he of the people stood,

From long watchings, pale and wan.
Across his brow great furrows ran
That told of stress and strain.

On that November day,
The woodland and the meadows
Dappled by the shadows,
An apocalypse of beauty
Formed, where those for love and duty
So recently had died.

Lincoln spoke no eloquent
Apologetics, rather
Of sorrow and joy met together,
As by his words he dedicates,
And by his presence consecrates
The Field of Gettysburg.

201 St. Register
2-12-35

Stone, W. W.

LINCOLN. A SONG

"O'er the land today is
ringing"

LINCOLN.—A SONG.

(Air: "Hold the Fort.")

W. W. STONE.

O'er the land today is ringing	He had sworn to do his duty,
Praise of Lincoln's name;	Sworn to do the right;
Childish voices now are singing	And our Flag, in all its beauty,
Lincoln's glorious fame.	Saved from foeman's spite.

Chorus:—Yes! we love the name of Lincoln;	Lord! we come to Thee confessing,
Lincoln, good and true;	Bound in sin were we;
Under God, he saved the nation;	Lincoln, working with thy blessing,
Saved for me, for you.	Wrought,—and we are free.

The Schools of Mich. Bul. 31 - 1908

AT THE GRAVE OF ANN RUTLEDGE.

There is wild and rustic beauty
On the hillslope's cranking crest
In the shrub, the weed, the wildrose
And in graven marbles dressed.

Here the murmurs from the treetops
As a dirge upon me fall,
Yet in fretful, sighing breezes
From a tomb I hear love call.

From a grave upon the hillside
Closely nestled to its breast,
I hear the smothered whisperings
Of a maiden soul caressed,

Of an unforgotten loved one
In a narrow, slab marked bed.
There a transient love compassions
The dust lips of the dead,

A love from granite grandeur,
From the heights of world renown,
Whose martyred brow is wearing
A nation's posthumous crown.

To their solitude I leave them
And the guardian oak that stands
With its weathered arms uplifted
Strewing leaves with gnarled hands.

DANIEL B. STRALEY.

Rowan City, N.C.
2-12-41

Poems

AT THE GRAVE OF ANN RUTLEDGE

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—DANIEL B. STRALEY.

Straley, Daniel B.

AT THE GRAVE OF ANN RUTLEDGE

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and rustic
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ANN RUTLEDGE

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DANIEL B. STRALEY.

Hartford.

2-12-41

LINCOLN

I can feel his sceptral prescence
As he strides our threatened land.
Of the speechless dead the warder,
Torch of liberty in hand.

I can see the blush of outrage
On his sorrow furrowed face
And his stooping shoulders straighten
As he moves with firmer pace.

I can sense his irritation

At obstructionists within,
Who with unjust criticisms
Fill the air with raucous din.

I can hear his voice with fervor
To the sons of freedom call
And in solemn tones forewarn
"A divided house will fall."

Chicago

DANIEL B. STRALEY

Albany Times Union

2/12/42

Lincoln Day, 1919

Lincoln.

(Philip Burroughs Strong.)

Gentle and yet inflexible was he,
One purpose dominating mind and
soul,
The right of all to fullest liberty,
A nation not in part but free in
whole.

Who like his Country's Father turned
to God
In days disastrous and in nights
of need;
Bending beneath Jehovah's chasten-
ing rod,
As one who for his people's sins
did bleed.

And now doth glow and evermore
shall shine
Through all the fateful years his
lustrous name;
He knew the glory of the rule divine,
And died for others unto deathless
fame.

A Visit to Vachel Lindsay's Grave

The great Illinois poet who wrote "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," "The Eagle That Is Forgotten (John P. Altgeld)" and, best known, "The Congo," was buried 25 years ago in Oak Ridge Cemetery in Springfield, Ill., his birthplace. His grave is near that of Lincoln. George C. Stuart, who wrote the tribute which is printed here for the first time, is minister of the First Christian Church of Bloomington, Ill.

There is no image here,
No pattern for the mind to take and hold
Against a time of pain.
There is no ritual, strict and familiar,
That takes away the stare of grief.
There is only a stone,
Captured in a wood of stones, upright and brief,
That holds the eye in line with the great shaft
Where the Lincolns lie.
There is no sound,
Only the loneliness of planned betrayal of privacy
That cemeteries know,
And a great bell swinging,
Swinging without a sound.

When young his footsteps found their pattern
on this hill,
Brought it into town,
Into every town in the U.S.A.,
Singing with something in his blood that flowed
with rivers,
Something in the mind that sought the edge of
earth,
Something in the soul that burst the soil
And sheltered it with leaf.
Something within him leaned against the future
Like a mule against a wagon-tongue.
He plowed the earth with song,
Planted the prairie with his restless word,
And walked and walked until the stars
Led him to the hill again.

What he had kindred with this land
Was oak and rock and leaf,
Tall elms and maples burning in the sun
And the wild spinning of the rain.
He was bell-tone measured to the Sangamon.

Now winter has its way with him.
Violence goeth where it wills
Leaving its images strewn in wrecked valleys.
Only gentleness is dead and the iron deed rules:
There is no god but winter in the mind
And silence and a name returning into stone
And a great bell swinging, wildly hoping,
Clamoring for sound.

GEORGE C. STUART

STUART, GEORGE C.
St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Feb 12, 1956



Jingles From the News Jungles

By J. C. STUART

Fighting at Woosung today is heavy and intense;
Japs intend to take it, breaking down a strong defense.
Shell drops near a Yankee ship and promptly at the sign
Of impending danger, neutral boats get out of line.

Civil service body of the county ousts Chappel—
Secretary of it, as we might say, "quite a spell."
Seven charges listed must be faced within a week,
Then there'll be a hearing—basic facts in case to seek.

Women win a victory in France and henceforth may
Vote and run for deputies, the cabled stories say.
Special meeting of the League of Nations now is plan
Being urged by China in her trouble with Japan.

All-American canal is voted—five to one;
People of Imperial a splendid thing have done.
Yankee rancher disappears; Chihuahua fears that he
Is the latest victim of a desert tragedy.

Tribute's paid to Lincoln; anniversary of birth;
One of grandest figures mid the great men known to earth.
Traffic smashes take more toll with no improvement seen;
Read The Evening Herald and Express; don't miss the Green.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By ELEANOR STUCKY

Laredo, Tex. *read 2/2/22*

Should you ask of me the question,
Who, in all our country's history,
Is the grandest, truest, bravest-
Character that time has given,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"Abraham Lincoln stands out fore-
most!"

He the heir of nature's blessings,
Which she gave in pressed down
measure:

Truth, unselfishness and, mostly,
Faith in good and in its triumph.
Here upon the ample bosom
Of the land where Freedom's ban-
ner

Floated o'er earth's dauntless chil-
dren;

With the dome of heaven above
him,

Spangled with its stars of glory;
And about him vast expanses
Of prairie and of mountains,
Lived this child ordained to great-
ness.

Here he grew and worked and
struggled,

Struggled for a meagre living,
Struggled for an education;
And, while hands and muscles
hardened,

Softened grew his heart and ten-
der.

Thus was he when called to pilot
Our fair Ship of State in danger.

As his tall form towered above us,
So the greatness of his spirit,

Yet, because his life was simple,
And he knew no guile of manners,
Some derided, scoffed and scorned
him,

But he bravely stood undaunted!
Undismayed that lonely figure

Guided us through dangerous
waters,

Set us safely in the harbor—
He sailed "westward," while be-
hind him

Glows a trail of glorious splendor!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Plumery (Minn.) Nov. 26

Should you ask of me the question,
Who, in all our country's history,
Is the grandest, truest, bravest
Character that time has given,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"Abraham Lincoln" stands out fore-
most!"

He the heir of nature's blessings,
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Floated o'er earth's dauntless chil-
dren;

With the dome of heaven above him,
Spangled with its stars of glory;
And about him vast expanses
Of the prairie and of mountains,
Lived this child ordained to greatness.
Here he grew and worked and strug-
gled,

Struggled for a meager living,
Struggled for an education;
And, while hands and muscles hard-
ened,

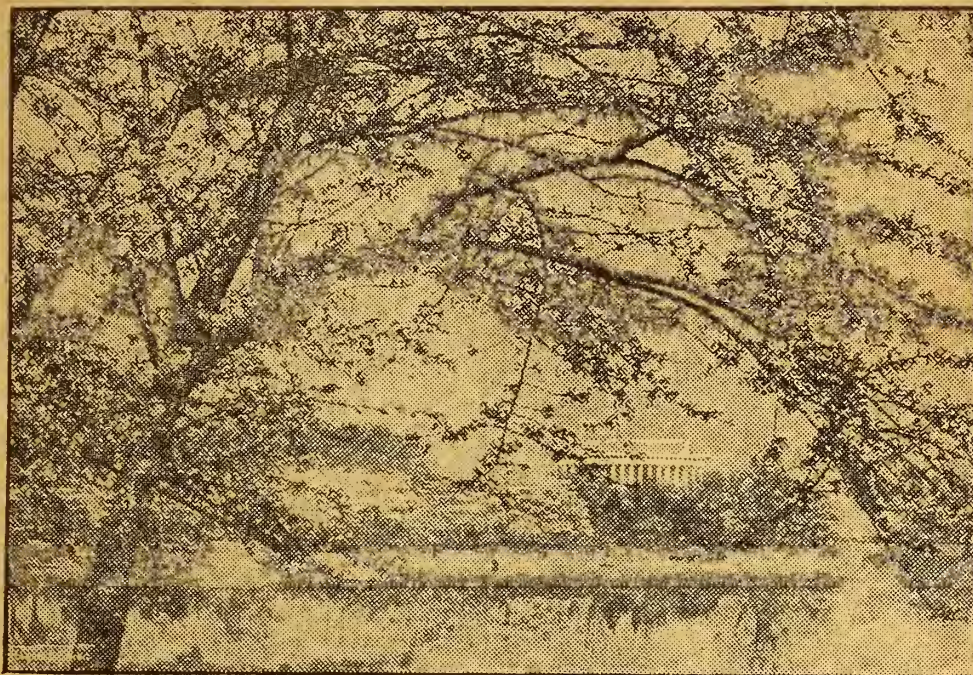
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Left us safely in the harbor—
Then sailed "westward," while behind
him

Glows a trail of glorious splendor!

—Eleanor Stucky.

The Lincoln Memorial

By ELEANOR STUCKY



1724

(Photo copyright by Harris & Ewing)

From out the voiceless realm which sways
mankind,
Came promptings which have urged our na-
tion's soul
To express, in symbols that will never
change,
But stand for all of coming time to read,
The veneration and the love, divine
We bear for that great one who saved our
land.

Alone it stands, this mystic, holy shrine,
Majestic and sublime, a perfect work,
Expressing in itself the sum of all
Of man's appreciation of the Real.

A brooding calm envelopes it, which seems
Vibrant with some occult power to thrill
Each loyal, earnest heart and make it beat
To higher, nobler impulses of life.

Its deep foundation, hewn from solid rock,
Conceived within the very womb of Time,

Is symbol of that principle of Truth,
Which must be life's foundation e'er we
build
A structure that forever will endure.

The fluted columns stand like sentinels
To guard the spot, and in their fair design
Are emblematic of the heaven-born strength
And rectitude, that swayed this dauntless
soul

To face, with calm, unyielding mein, the force
Which sought to break that fundamental
bond,

Writ in the blood of those who would not
live

In bondage and servility to greed.

And here within this temple has been placed
A reproduction of the earthly mold
Of this great soul, that we may not forget
'Tis through the mortal, by victorious wars
O'er all that would our destiny betray,
We must evolve to Immortality!

LINCOLN DAY, 1915.

I seem to see across the years
A serried host of armed men;
I hear the roll of drums, and then
The measured tread and ringing cheers,
As proudly down the avenue
Victorious armies, massed as one,
From North and South to Washington
With battle-flags, in grand review,
Come from red fields of endless fame,
From Appomattox, Rapidan,
While Grant, the leader, Sheridan
And Sherman, stern, the throngs ac-
claim!

* * *

The vision changes and I hear
A wail that comes from Nation great
As slow the martyred Chief of State
Is borne through cities on his bier,
While through the land there sounds the
toll
Of bells that voice a Nation's cry,
As through sad millions passes by
That cortège to its Western goal!
Full half a century now has flown
On wings of light and starry shade
Since reverently a Nation laid
Its greatest to his rest alone!

And now again has come the day
That gave a Lincoln to the world,
And still those battle-flags are furled
In peace he won for Freedom's sway.
And North and South this day unite
To honor him, the Blue and Gray,
And "twilight millions" homage pay
To one who broke their chains of night,
And bade them wake to new-born day,
Then grandly fell in Freedom's van,
The great protagonist of man,
Whose name Fame lifts on high for aye.

H. T. SUDDUTH.

W. Y. W. 2-12-15

LINCOLN, THE LOVER.

BY VAN B. SULLINS.

Flow on, sweet Sangamon, gently flow,
By hamlet, hill and plain;
Through fertile fields of golden grain,
Where wildest woodlawn flowers grow.
Thy shipless wave and winding way
Once caught a lover's lonely lay.

Here by thy banks an obscure youth
Sat musing many years ago,
Within whose heart was written woe;
Upon whose brow was written Truth.
His tribute was a murmur'd moan,
Heard by himself and God alone.

His love, profound, majestic, deep,
Was lost before the common crowd,
Where crudeness bore distinction proud,
And Nature's God taught not to weep.
Here Lincoln mused and saw afar
The foregleam of his mystic star.

Faint was that ray amid the night
That arched his soul with gloom,
For yonder stood a new made tomb,
And in it lay his Angel quiet.
There oft he wander'd when the mood
Craved comfort in its solitude.

But when the night of grief was spent,
He saw the rosy ray of morn;
A Star of new hope now was born;
He saw its gradual, slow ascent,
Until, from Zenith's crowning height,
A Nation caught its lustrous light.

*General Christian
Adams
Kingsbury
2/9/1916*

The Classmate, February 9, 1929.



Clarence A. Purchase

St. Gaudens' statue of Lincoln in a
Chicago park

O Lincoln! O Lincoln!

BY VAN B. SULLINS

Wish I could break through the din,
See your face and shake your han'—
Wish you could come back agin
Where you used to stan'.
Your heart—my heart's close akin,
Both are colorless.
You sho' nevah saw my skin—
Only my distress.
While the good Lord sees mankind
With an eye that's colorblind,
None befo' nor since 'mong men
Understood my heart,
Wrote with Proclamation pen
Freedom's finest art.

Uncle Sam's done gone forgot
To pay that promised debt,
Lift the load and ease my lot,
Hope he'll do it yet.
O Marse Lincoln! Wish my prayer
Could climb up to where you are
Just befo' this race war's rage
Shuts my freedom in iron cage.

Abraham Lincoln

Harry Trumbull Sutton

Six unfinished feet of lumber in the rough;
An unhewn granite, broken with noiseless toil,
From the mountain ledge, deep-set,
Where it dares to jut upon the twilight kingdom of the
gorge;
And set a-towering upon the refuge way of life.

A gaunt and striding wonder, he,
Whose vestments the very winds would advertise;
But now, anon, those winds abating of their mirth,
Grew grave with voice and strain of prophecy;
Diffusing as they went a mystic message,
Bidding you mark the man.
And you did mark;
A certain faith insisting to your heart
What eyes deny: "Here is a Proclamation
Of Almighty God;
All the future yearns upon him."

The while you muse, faith quickening big,
He strode on, with Destiny whispering to his soul.
Destiny, we call it—babbling ones;
Truth, he called it, simple truth; and paused,
As tho' in that low note, he heard,
As 'twere the universe at prayer.

O sad-faced seer!
He looked upon the earth and sowed it rich with
laughter;
He looked deep or future-ward, the sadness settled
back.

He was truth-primed; with ready heart and eager eye
He caught the signals, flung from worlds afar.
His name was hailed in a tragic hour,
With joy tumultuous.
A nation's altars shouted, forever holier for that shout;
A mighty people, instinct with right,
Made him their chief, with conscience trusted him.
And after Hope's delirious jubilee,
The nationed millions went to rest, folded by some
sense or spirit,
That hovering wide, bent low, as a mother might,
And whispered, "It is well!"

The Christian Evangelist
2/6/36

Abraham Lincoln—Whence?

Harry Trumbull Sutton

*("How could she know the stars stood watching,
Watching, pressed back against the sky,
Where no star stood before;
As she walked up the slope,
And laid her hand
Upon the cabin door?")*

*Christian
Evangelist
2/7/39*

Great God, and author of these darkly criss-cross ages.
Whose hand is ever on the sullen tide of centuries,
To make them channel as thou wilt;
Who keeps alive the spirit in the fevered land of flesh;
Who lights again the lamp in wayward night;
From what far fields came virtues to make this man?

If at his birth the stars were sore abashed,
Retreated, bowed, and hushed, and augured not
At his base advent and mean coming,
Who then, or what, was bold enough
To enter that rude cabin, too unknown,
And there bestow from lineage obscure,
Those elements of old, called virtues by mankind,
And so combined, that lo, a star appeared,
A very man, a sun, and moving quietly among?

Whence came this man whose birth so shamed the stars?
The Tishbite's stony soil sent firmness, mayhap;
Ikhnaton's Egypt, the mighty sense of God who guides
the sun;
Free Marathon was there in one fierce breath;
The scorn of Wittenberg pierced those lowly logs;
From Runny-meade a courier rode the air to tell a king
was stayed;
And through the wilderness from Yorktown,
Honor walked to sanctify his heart's first beating.

Or so it was by passing centuries through her heart,
Whose hand was on the "cabin door";
By letting fall thereon the shadow of a cross,
By this and this and this, that no one ever saw,
God wrought a man for a world in need;
So thrust him forth,
And brought him back, unsullied.

O Lincoln, on whom the earthly rays of righteousness
converged
To give afresh their testimony to the race,
The stars have long ago unbowed their heads,
And shouted throughout the worlds, All Hail!

Abraham Lincoln

Died April 15, 1865—Fifty Years
Ago Today

"Being of our blood we claim him, and we should be given place in the homage about his tomb. The black man, an incidental beneficiary of his statesmanship, should be modest in the presence of our sacred dead."—Extract from an address at a Lincoln memorial celebration, the colored people of the city having been refused a plea to march in the parade. W. A. S.

Not one word against your homage,
You who boast his tribe, not one word!
Pile your wreaths mountain high,
Roll anthem upon anthem,
Strew sprays of Immortals:
A wilderness of them;
But, oh, sirs, beyond the lure of blood,
Shine his lofty impulses, his deeds;
Blossoming in unselfishness:
The world's: Filling it!
May not then, our modest tribute,
Woven of halting words, damp with tears,
Be granted harborage at his feet?
Do not you know we have enshrined him,
For memories, by you, unfelt, by you, un-
joyed?
For slavery's long night: Ended?
The "driver's" lash: Quiescent?
The hound's hoarse bay: Silenced?
The "auction block": Deserted?

Long time we wandered in the gloom;
Hopeless! "Dumb driven cattle,"
His the eye that sought, the hand that led,
He, the Healer, who plucked the blister in
our soul,
And in its place caused a rose to bloom.
Towering above the groundlings,
Sweeping heights, denied the gaze of pyg-
mies,
He bent to the lowly, unashamed: Sympa-
thized!
Making their moan, as become a World
Captain,
Serenely; knowing he proclaimed for right.
He it was: We know it,
Who taught Cabinets a new brand of
statesmanship;
Honesty, charity, humanity; that RIGHT
was might;
JUSTICE the sublimest shibboleth.
May not we recall, with quickening im-
pulse, even as you,
That, facing moments menacing a nation's
life,
He was undaunted: Victor! Shaming to
tears and silence,
And pale brows—for love of him, lips that
had sneered,
Tongues that had belittled?
And that, his mission finished, a people lib-
erated!
His country liberated: For a cancer gnawed
its vitals,
He went his way: TRANSFIGURED!
Shining like the sun;
A very saint: The Master by his side?
This, of our Friend in Valhalla;
Our "Rock in a weary land": This to him.
This of your Friend in Valhalla;
Our "Shelter in a mighty storm": This, to
him.

W. ALLISON SWEENEY.

V E R S E
HOMELY and OTHERWISE

Ode 'To Great Emancipator 1861

By Clifford G. Sweet, Co. M., 5th Wis., Vol. '61

The birthday of 'Lincoln,
the greatest of the Great,
Whose noble soul was purged
of all bitterness and hate;
And no mortal was so lowly
but what in his kindly way
He'd proffer his big hand
and have cheery words to say.
If ever any human has gone
to some specialized place
Set aside for those possessing
the greatest goodness and grace,
It was the Savior of our Country,
the best the world has seen,
And it should be our pride and glory
to keep his memory green.

Abraham Lincoln

By FRANK H. SWEET

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Only a baby, fair and small,
Like many another baby
son,

Whose smiles and tears came
swift at call,

Who ate and slept and grew;
that's all—

Our Abraham Lincoln.

Only a boy like other boys,
With tasks and studies,
sports and fun,

Fond of his books and games
and toys,

Living his childish griefs
and joys—

Our backwoods boy,
Lincoln.

Only a lad, awkward and
shy,

Skilled in handling his ax
and gun,

Mastering knowledge that
by and by

Should aid him in duties
great and high—

Our sturdy lad, Lincoln.

Only a man of finest bent,
Hero of battles fought
and won,

Woodchopper, lawyer,
president,

Who served his country and
died content—

Our patriot true, Lincoln.

Only! Ah, what was the
secret, then,

Of his being America's
honored son?

Why was he famed above
all men,

His name upon every
tongue and pen—

The illustrious Lincoln?

A mighty brain, a will to
endure,

Passions subdued, a slave to
none,

A heart that was brave
and strong and sure,

A soul that was noble,
great and pure—

Our Abraham Lincoln.

(over)

THE AMERICAN PRESS, JANUARY 22, 1910



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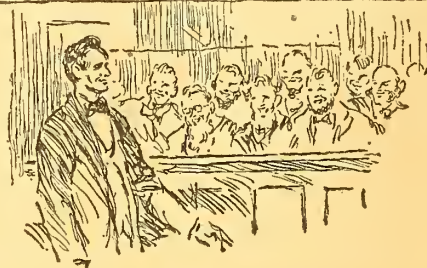
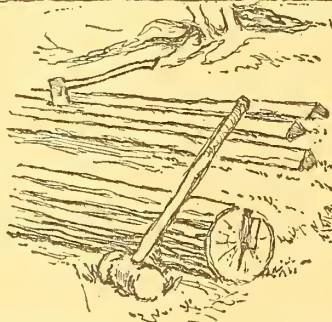
LINCOLN DAY



"TOM LINCOLN'S got a boy," the word went 'round
In Hardin County. At the crossroads store
Lean, buck-skinned men spat freckles on the floor,
Cracked lusty jokes, held arguments profound.
Some shook their heads as their like always will
And darkly prophesied hard times ahead;
Repeated frontier fears, and sagely said:
"Tom Jefferson's a hard man's shoes to fill."

Inside the Lincoln cabin, Nancy lay
Exhausted from her struggle and its pain,
But holding close her son. And thinking vain
Of him, as mothers do, heard Thomas say:
"Well, Nancy, Abe's no beauty, but he's strong.
This country's new; with luck, he'll get along."

VELMA WEST SYKES.



Synon, Mary

ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO HIS SON

"This is our town.
We know each street"

Abraham Lincoln To His Son

Springfield, Illinois, February, 1861

This is our town, We know each street
In summer or in winter weather.
We know the people whom we meet
When we go down the walks together.

We know our neighbors, young and old,
Their trials and their tribulations.
Perhaps the ways of little towns
Teach us the wider ways of nations.

In just a little while we'll lock
The door, and set out for the station.
We'll leave the town, your mother says,
With one last joyous celebration.

But you and I will take the town
Within our hearts into the city.
I pray that you may always keep
All it has taught in love and pity.

We'll live within a great white house
In Washington; but you and I
Will know that Springfield is our home,
And think of Springfield till we die.

—Mary Synon

Young Catholic Messengers
2-7-41
From the Commission on American Citizen-
ship, The Catholic University of America.

